Russian Drama Will Find Fresh Inspiration in Its New Freedom

Richard Ordynski and Ossip Dymow Look for Plays of Another Kind Now That the Restrictions of the Censorship Have Been Removed

IN an upper room at the Bandbox Theatre two men sat and talked the other day about the Russian revolution and the effect it will have on the Russian drama. They were Richard Ordynski and Ossip Dymow.

Probably no other men in America are better qualified to discuss the theatre in Russia. Both of them have been actively connected with it. Mr. Ordynski is a producing manager, Mr. Dymow a playwright. One of his plays, "Nju," was given recently at the Bandbox under the Urban-Ordynski management.

Both men are still young. Both are radicals, in art as well as in politics. Both have known what it was to work under the most oppressive and most stupid censorship in the world. Both kindle with enthusiasm as they talk of a free theatre in free Russia.

"What about the censorship under the new regime?" I asked.

Dymow made an expressive gesture with both hands.

"There is to be no censorship at all!" he said.

"You know?" demanded Ordynski eagerly. "You have heard?"

Dymow nodded.

"Ah!" said Ordynski softly, and his blue eyes—the most extraordinary blue eyes I have ever seen—blazed with satisfaction.

There could not be a greater physical contrast than that between these two men. Ordynski is a Pole, blond, square of head, with those strange eyes full of blue fire. Dymow is not at all Russian in type. He is black haired and dark eyed. His face is curiously one sided; his mouth cynical. He has known what it is to be watched by the police, to have his house searched, to be arrested, to be forced to flee from Russia. And these experiences have left their mark in the sombreness of his eyes, the bitterness of his rare smile.

"There is always one thing," said Ordynski, "that you Americans complain of in our Russian drama. You say it is gloomy, repressed, it lacks action. Gloomy! What else could it be? Repressed! Wasn't that the whole spirit of the Russian people?

"Let me tell you! Imagine a great cafe in a Russian city; Moscow, for example. Suppose you had gone into that cafe some night before the revolution. You would have found every table taken. There would have been perhaps 400 persons there. And yet you would have heard hardly a sound of a human voice. If you had shut your eyes you would have thought it a company of deaf mutes."

He leaned forward, as if across a table, and spoke in barely audible tones.

"Every one talked under his breath, like this! It was always so. Russia has had to guard every word. Can a people be gay under those conditions? And the drama, you know, was less free than individual speach. Less free even than literature.

"Not a line could be printed without being stamped with official 'permission to publish.' But when a play had passed the censor at Petrograd its troubles were not over. It had to run the gantlet of hundreds of minor censorships. Each town where it was produced had some little official who decided whether it might be played in the local theatre or not.

"Most of them were stupid. All of them had their personal prejudices. And it made no difference how great the author, every line he had written was at the mercy of some provincial nobody who liked to feel his importance. The consequence was that a play could be given in one town and suppressed in another; that lines which would be permitted in Moscow had to be changed in Kiev. It was absurd. But in its effect on the spirit of the author it was also tragic."

"Oh, the whole thing was impossible!" broke in Dymow. "You cannot conceive the stupidities of the censorship. Imagine that there could not be a play in which there was a trial scene. A jury must not be shown on a Russian stage, nor a priest, nor a funeral, nor an ikon, nor an officer—unless he was a nice officer who talked about loyalty to the Government.

"A man might not cross himself—one of the commonest gestures in Russia. He might begin the motion by touching his forehead. But he must stop there. Of course the audience knew he meant to cross himself. But he mustn't complete the gesture.

"If the play called for a priest we had to substitute an old man with a long beard. Everybody knew he was meant for a priest. That was the absurdity of it. A whole system of hidden understandings grew up. For instance, one could not mention Socialism on the stage. But if a character said, 'I demand justice,' it was understood that he meant he wanted Socialism.

"We could not quote words from the Bible. We could not even mention the Bible! I did refer to it in one of my plays and the censor demanded that I change it. So I substituted the words 'an old book,' and that was satisfactory. Everybody knew what was meant, but the word 'Bible' mustn't be spoken.

"Neither could we mention God. In one play I made a character say, 'I swear by my God.' The censor went up in the air, as you Americans put it.

"'God!' he exclaimed. 'You can't speak of God on the stage!'

"So I had to change it. Of course these were mere stupid details, pin pricks that irritated you and kept hampering any freedom of expression. The situation was worse when it came to the subjects we were allowed to handle. We knew by experience that it was absolutely useless to try to deal with any vital question. Action? There wasn't any action possible, except 'I love you' and 'Do you love me?'"

"Then what could you deal with?" I asked.

The two men looked at each other and answered in the same words:

"The psychology of a soul."

"And now," I asked, "will there be a new drama in Russia?"

"Unquestionably!" exclaimed Ordynski. "And it will be as different from the old drama as a man in chains is different from a man that is free. Dymow here is already planning to go back to Russia, because at last he can do the work he has wanted to do. You will see, I believe, a great dramatic awakening in Russia, and in Poland too.

"We had some special restrictions in Poland, you know. For instance, if a historical play was produced in which an ancient Polish king was one of the characters he couldn't be called 'King So-and-so.' He must be called 'Prince.' No word of reference was ever permitted to the fact that Poland had once been a separate kingdom."

"But we did occasionally bluff the censor," said Dymow with his cynical smile. "Once in a while we managed to produce a play which actually dealt with Russian conditions and everybody that saw it knew that it did. But by adding a footnote, 'The action

OSSIP DYMOW

of this play takes place in Austria,' we got it by the censor.

"Ibsen's 'Ghosts' was produced too in spite of the fact that his plays were officially forbidden. The text was changed slightly and the name given as that of the author was not Ibsen's, but that of one of our most inconspicuous playwrights. The censor passed it and the play was produced with great success. When the royalties began to come to the man whose name had been put on the title page he was the most astonished person in Russia. He made quite a lot of money out of Ibsen's 'Ghosts.'"

"Did the Czar go to the theatre?" I asked.

"No," said Dymow scornfully. "In ten years he never went even to the Imperial Theatre in Petrograd. He was afraid. Night after night for years the imperial box was empty, except for two soldiers, one at either side, standing rigidly, guarding vacancy.

"He had a small theatre in the palace at Tsarskoe-Selo, and occasionally he had a company play there. But he has the intelligence of a child. The only plays he cares for are one act farces, stupid, crude things of the kind that appeal to the commonest, uneducated people. I've been told by those who saw him that he would laugh immoderately over these farces.

"And yet he had absolute authority over every author in Russia. It was by the Czar's personal order that Maxim Gorky's play 'A Night's Lodging' was suppressed. He is—he is an idiot! Do you wonder that men writing under the shadow of such conditions produced gloomy plays?"

"And yet our people love the theatre," said Ordynski. "In proportion to their means they pay more than you in America to see a play. The best seats in a Russian theatre cost three rubles. But a ruble, which is about 50 cents in your money, will buy more than a dollar does here. So that when a Russian pays three rubles to go to the theatre it is as if you paid $3 in New York."

"Yes," interrupted Dymow; "and the students will go hungry to save the few kopecks they pay for a seat or a place to stand. I've done it myself many a time. What was dinner compared with seeing a play?

"And over there we don't care about the happy endings you Americans are so keen about. We like serious drama, one that makes us think. And we always respond to the tragic note. Perhaps that is because tragedy has been a common human experience in Russia. I believe things will be different now."

At this point Ordynski went off to a rehearsal and Dymow drifted into an explanation of the way plays are handled in his country. He thinks the arrangements are better than they are here.

RICHARD ORDYNSKI
PHOTO BY ARNOLD GENTHE

"When I write a play," he said, "I first submit it to the censor. If he passes it I have it printed myself. I own the copyright, which extends through fifty years. The publisher advertises the play, just as a book is advertised in this country. It is then available for production in all the theatres in Russia.

"Our whole theatrical machinery is different from yours. Every house has its own company—what you call a stock company. And any theatre, great or small, can produce any play by paying the required royalties to the author.

"In America a play is bought by one manager. Generally he produces it in New York. San Francisco has to wait a year, two years, to see it. Hundreds of smaller towns never get a chance to see it at all. If it doesn't succeed in New York it probably is shelved entirely, in spite of the fact that the people of Milwaukee or of Atlanta or of scores of other places might like it immensely.

"Even if it has a phenomenal run in New York the author receives royalties from only one performance a night. Later, in cases of great successes, a few road companies go out and he gets royalties from three or four performances a night. But I am told that the one night stand business is almost dead in this country; that there are thousands of towns which do not get a dozen theatrical performances a year.

"In Russia every town of any size has its own theatre and its own company. As soon as a play is published it can be given in the most remote provincial theatre. That means that it is played in all parts of the country at the same time. I have had a play given in 400 theatres on the same night.

"If a production in this country has a run of 400 nights it is called a great success. In Russia we don't have long runs. Our theatres all give repertory. A play, even if successful, has at most two or three performances a week. But when those two or three performances are going on in hundreds of towns the total number of productions climbs amazingly. And they often go on for years.

"The business end of it is very simple. We have the Society of Russian Dramatists, to which all playwrights belong. The headquarters are in Petrograd, but there is an agent in every town possessing a theatre. This agent collects the royalties for every play that is produced in his town and forwards them to Petrograd to the headquarters of the society. From there they are sent to the authors, wherever they may be. My royalties come to me here in America without any trouble on my part to collect them.

"The agent is generally some local personage of more or less importance, the postmaster perhaps or a doctor or lawyer. He takes 5 per cent. of the amount collected. And he has always two seats at the theatre. He likes that! And he boasts that he is representing the great authors, and that gives him a certain local importance.

"There is no chance of anybody pirating your play. The agent knows of every production and if his demand for royalties isn't complied with he simply tells the police to shut up the theatre, and there you are. The system works excellently for every one concerned. The people see the best plays and see them as soon as they are published. And the author's interests are safeguarded without his lifting a finger.

"I believe that with the growth of local stock companies in America you will adopt some such system here. As it is now a man is always wondering if some obscure company off somewhere isn't stealing his play for a week."

"But we have one advantage," I said. "With our system of travelling companies the best actors do go to other cities than New York. In Russia apparently they stay at their home theatres in Petrograd or Moscow."

"No, not always. A famous actor often goes on a tour to different cities. But he doesn't take with him a whole company and all the paraphernalia of scenery and so on. He doesn't need to. Every place he goes he finds a trained company ready to support him. It is as if your Mr. Arliss were to visit a dozen cities like Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland and Detroit and play 'Disraeli' with a good local company. It is a very satisfactory arrangement."

"Will most of the Russian dramatists welcome the revolution?"

"Most of them!" exclaimed Dymow in surprise. "All of them! All writers in Russia are radicals. If there are a few exceptions, men who have written in support of the bureaucracy, they have been made to feel that they were outside the fellowship of intellectuals. If a man did write anything tainted with reactionary spirit—well, we didn't see him after that.

"No, the men who have made Russian drama what it is, made it in spite of indescribable difficulties and discouragements, are heart and soul in sympathy with the new Government. I am going back myself to work for Russia. I believe we shall send you dramas that will reveal a whole new life of a people that has never before been able to express itself freely."

A Recluse for the Sake of His Art Was the Late Albert P. Ryder

"But a Roof, a Crust of Bread and an Easel" Needed by the Artist, He Once Wrote, and He Lived Up to His Creed

By JEANNE JUDSON.

THE story of Albert P. Ryder, the painter who died a few weeks ago, is the story of a mediæval monastic artist reincarnated in the twentieth century.

So secluded was the life he lived, so entirely engrossed in his work was he, that as a man he was known only to a few painters who had studied with him in the Academy of Design, and as a painter he was known only to other painters and to a few connoisseurs who bought his pictures long before they were completed and sometimes waited as long as ten years for delivery.

Around his unusual personality there have been woven a series of anecdotes so true in text and so fanciful in detail that it is almost impossible to get at the true story of his life. Many columns of fact and many of fancy have been written of him, but only since his death.

Albert Pinkham Ryder was born in New Bedford, Mass., and was brought to New York as a child. He studied in the Academy of Design and it was here that he formed the few friendships that lasted through his life. He never went abroad to study, and did not go abroad even as a traveller until late in his life. He was essentially an American painter and an individualist. It was his desire to be original and to keep his work uninfluenced by the work or the thoughts of others that led him to live the life of a recluse.

As one painter said, "He was the Thoreau of painting." His pictures were the expression of his thought, and he feared to color that thought by any outside influence. Innumerable stories have been told of how the artist died in poverty, cared for by friends during his last years.

This was true only in a comparative sense. Albert Ryder was never in abject poverty. There was always a ready sale for his pictures, but his positive refusal to ever let a picture leave his studio until he himself was perfectly satisfied with it made checks come far apart and he never became rich, as he might easily have done. And though his pictures are now worth thousands of dollars, the prices for which he originally sold them were much smaller. In 1915 he became ill and was in a hospital for several weeks. Need forced him to sell a picture, a thing which he always disliked doing, for his pictures were like children and he loved them. He received $500 for a small painting which to-day is valued at $15,000.

Alone in his small room, not a studio in the accepted meaning of the word, Ryder worked over his paintings, oblivious alike of the reproach of relatives, the praise of friends or the demands of dealers. His father and brothers, all of whom are now dead, discouraged his career as much as possible. They thought he was wasting time. Sometimes a dealer heard of him and came to see him in his room, and usually the dealer went away with the impression that Ryder was either a fool or crazy.

The room was filled with a miscellaneous collection of things, few of which had any connection with art. In front of the grate was a heap of ashes; piles of newspapers were heaped in corners. Nothing was ever dusted or ever moved. He never expressed any desire to sell his work, though he did sell to those few people who knew his genius and were willing to wait. To the outsider his workroom was merely a place of dirt and disorder, but he himself had a very different idea of it. He once wrote the following description:

"I have two windows in my workshop that look out upon an old garden whose great trees thrust their green laden branches over casement sills, filtering a network of light and shadow on the bare boards of my floor. Beyond the low rooftops of neighboring houses sweeps the eternal firmament with its ever changing panorama of mystery and beauty. I would not exchange these two windows for a palace with less a vision than this old garden with its whispering leafage—nature's tender gift to the least of her little ones."

But the dealers and even the artists who came to visit Ryder did not see these things. Albert Groll, the painter, who was one of his close friends, told me about his studio.

"On the floor sat a bust of Shakespeare, on the top of which the dust had formed so thickly that it gave the effect of a skull cap. I spoke about it, but he asked me not to disturb the dust; he said he liked the effect. He lived very simply, cooking many of his own meals over the grate fire. I often drank coffee with him there. In his genuineness and simplicity he extended his hospitality as graciously as if he had been living in a palace. On various occasions I asked him to meet friends of mine, but he always refused. He was courteous about it, but he did not like to meet strangers. He always said, 'Come yourself; you are always welcome, but I don't want to meet any new people.'"

Other painters who were his intimate friends are J. Alden Weir, now president of the academy where they both studied, and Charles Melville Dewey, who is also a friend of his student days. Mr. Dewey has many stories to tell of the artist's shyness. Ryder visited Mr. Dewey frequently, but always telephoned in advance to make sure that no one else would be there. If he found that Mr. Dewey was going to have other guests he would not come.

His avoidance of people was not entirely shyness but was partly a result of his firm conviction that meeting people detracted from his work. As he expressed it, "It breaks me up for days when I meet new people."

If Albert Ryder had not devoted his life to painting he might have done equally great things in literature as a poet and philosopher, for he wrote both poetry and philosophy. Many of his poems were descriptive of his paintings, and the poetry of others was the inspiration for much of his work.

While he avoided meeting people he was never rude, and during his seventy-three years of life he did not entirely escape either the interviewer or the photographer. In an old copy of the *Broadway Magazine* I found a story about Ryder and his art, and from this magazine may be gained such knowledge of his philosophy as has ever reached the general public. His writing explains why he spent twenty years on one picture and why he was afraid to mingle with the world. He wrote:

"Art is long. The artist must buckle himself with infinite patience. His ears must be deaf to the clamor of insistent friends who would quicken his pace. His eyes see naught but the vision beyond. He must await the season of fruitage without haste, without worldly ambition, without vexation of spirit. An inspiration is no more than a seed that must be planted and nourished. It gives growth as it grows to the artist only as he watches and awaits with his highest effort."

So Ryder watched and waited over his pictures, and neither his own need of money nor the importunities or threats of the man who had probably paid for it five years previous could make him send one out of his studio until he was satisfied that it was complete. Again he wrote:

"The canvas I began ten years ago I shall perhaps complete to-day or to-morrow. It has been ripening under the sunlight of the years that come and go. It is not that a canvas should be worked at. It is a wise artist who knows when to cry 'halt' in his composition, but it should be pondered over in his heart and worked out with prayer and fasting."

The painter's amusements were very few; he delighted in the conversation of his few friends, but he never attended so-called bohemian parties. He never drank, yet he seldom rose before noon. He would go out at dusk and take long walks, not city walks, but miles out into the country in New Jersey, not returning until daylight. Then he would go to bed and sleep until 1 or 2 o'clock.

Of the few existing photographs of Albert Ryder, the most recent was taken a few years ago by Alice Boughton. He posed for this picture because his friend Arthur Davies, the painter, asked him to do it. Having met Miss Boughton he asked her to visit him and she went. Few people refused an invitation to his disordered room on West Ninth street. She admired a canvas which had been standing in a dark corner for years and was covered with dust and wanted to move it to the light for a better view.

Mr. Ryder calmly dipped a sponge in water and washed the picture with it.

"They say it isn't good for them," he said, "but it will brighten it up so that you can see it."

This was one of his many inconsistencies. He loved his pictures, he would not let them go for years, but he took no care of them. Later he formed the habit of washing off pictures with coal oil, so that some of them turned so black as to be ruined completely.

Only once did romance in connection with a woman enter into his life, and then it was more love of music than love of the woman that influenced him.

His friends were constantly trying to persuade him to live in more luxurious surroundings, and once a friend did persuade him to move into a real studio, which he had fitted up for his use. For days Ryder was quite miserable in his comfort and had about decided to leave when he heard a violin being played next door. He was so passionately fond of the violin as of poetry and for the sake of the music he decided to remain. The player was a woman and one day, without previous introduction, he called on her and asked her to marry him. Whether the woman refused or accepted is not known, but friends of the artist heard of his impetuous action (he was by no means young at the time) and Daniel Cottier, a dealer, took him away on his first trip to Europe.

It was Cottier who "discovered" Ryder and who introduced him and his work to the few people who now possess the greater number of his paintings. It is a lamentable fact that very little of his work is owned by Americans. The late Sir William Van Horne, E. P. Greenshields, John Gellatly and Sir William Drummond, all Canadians, were his constant patrons and bought most of his best work. These men usually paid for the pictures in advance and then waited years for delivery.

A few of his good pictures are a part of the Alexander P. Morton estate and one or two other Americans own a few, but it is improbable that any of these pictures will be put on sale at least for many years. A few pictures also are scattered among dealers, but even dealers are not anxious to part with Ryder canvases.

One client of Ryder's told him that when he died he intended to leave instructions that the hearse should stop before Ryder's door.

"Perhaps then you will deliver the painting," he said.

"If it isn't finished, you can't have it even then," said Ryder.

His friendship for the Fitzpatricks at whose home in Elmhurst, L. I., he passed the last three months of his life, began fifteen years ago. They were his neighbors when he lived in his room on Ninth street, and Mrs. Fitzpatrick took a great interest in him, caring for him when he was ill and seeing that he was properly fed. In return Mr. Ryder taught her to paint. His gratitude for any kindness and his sincere friendship for those few people whom he knew and trusted are proof that he did not live his secluded life because he disliked people, but because he thought he did not have time for them and for painting too.

He was as careless about his person as about his lodgings, but nature had given him features of unusual symmetry and his expression was one of kindliness and peace.

Mr. Dewey, who was made administrator of his modest estate, describes his appearance as noble. "In death he looked like the old paintings of the Christ," he said.

Of himself, the artist wrote:

"The artist needs but a roof, a crust of bread and his easel, and all the rest God gives him in abundance. He must live to paint and not paint to live. He cannot be a good fellow; he is rarely a wealthy man, and upon the pot-boiler is inscribed the epitaph of his art."

Photo by Alice Boughton.

Albert Pinkham Ryder.

THIS POLICEMAN AN ART LOVER AND COLLECTOR OF PICTURES

WHEN the Municipal Art Society in the course of its campaign for beautifying the bare and barren places which afflict city property submitted colorful designs with which to embellish the walls at Police Headquarters the artists assured Commissioner Arthur Woods that their designs were mural gems. The Commissioner didn't know. His job was commissioning and in the general bustle of looking after some 11,000 policemen his art periscope had become rather dusty.

"Have some of your art connoisseurs in the department pass judgment on the pictures," was suggested.

The Commissioner referred to his police "Who's Who." This, it may be said for the information of those who know nothing about the department except that it dresses in blue, wears brass buttons and carries a club, is an exhaustive record showing just what each policeman has done and can do. It was compiled as part of the preparedness programme for use in case of emergency. A careful search revealed blacksmiths, stenographers, butchers, engineers, clerks, plumbers, masons, tailors, soldiers, sailors, doctors, bakers, tinsmiths, indeed men of practically every occupation, but nothing appertaining to art.

"I've got everything but an art expert," said the Commissioner in chagrin. The boast of the police officials that no matter what kind of job the department had to undertake they always had somebody who knew something about that particular subject had apparently been torpedoed.

But only for a while was there a vacant line on the roster. Now if the Art Society or some other organization comes around with pretty pictures to doll up the puritanical walls the Commissioner can push the electric button on his desk and tell the trim officer who answers, "Summon Patrolman Dugan, I've a bit of art I'd like him to investigate." And there you are.

The Commissioner would get an expert opinion, for John Dugan knows art and artists. In his home at 401 Halsey street, Brooklyn, he has a collection which would be the envy of many a man whose automobile rolls up Fifth avenue. For more than a score of years the quiet, phlegmatic policeman who has been going about with his thoughts apparently concentrated on the various functions of a cop has been collecting these brush gems in all kinds of out of the way places.

Art is his hobby and he knows the old masters and their styles as well as he knows the rules and regulations of the Police Department, for Dugan is a model policeman. He has received a commendation for excellent police duty in rescuing a boy from drowning in 1912. Also there are no marks against him during his long service.

Eight years after his birth in Ireland, in 1868, his father came to America. They settled in Brooklyn. Young Dugan took the usual Irish lad's interest in politics, and for a long time it was a tossup whether he would become one of Tammany's henchmen or don the uniform. The blue coat won, and on April 18, 1896, John Dugan was enrolled on the force and started to pound his beat in the Second precinct.

While rated by his sergeant as a good dependable cop his career was not such as to bring him into flaring prominence. He made no sensational arrests, he got into no particular difficulties. He was just the ordinary cop. He enjoyed life as it came with no particular thought of the future and no overwhelming ambition to be satisfied.

Such was John Dugan during his first year of swinging a nightstick. Then he got his first vacation, and decided to spend it in Quebec. In that city of history and romance, with the free and easy good fellowship of the Irishman he became very friendly with a young artist. The artist endeavored to interest the cop in his hobby, and strange to say the cop found it very attractive. Day after day, during the long vacation hours, they frequented the galleries, the artist pointing out paintings and explaining their value.

That vacation trip proved a turning point for Dugan. He was no longer just a plain cop engaged in the somewhat rough practice of keeping the peace. He had a hobby. Because he was a true fan he determined to know all about his hobby.

When his tour of duty on patrol was finished instead of going off with his brother patrolmen to have a good time he went to the public libraries and art galleries and spent hours in studying pictures. He read books about painters and paintings. He began to acquire a library. History appealed to him and as much of his salary as he could spare after buying pictures he spent for books. He spent his vacations travelling around the country and prohing into all sorts of odd places in the hope he might find some art gem.

One day in a dark little furniture store in the old French quarter of Quebec he came across a picture. It had been there so long and received such rough treatment that the frame was half torn off and the canvas scritched. It showed an old time harbor with a mediæval castle frowning down upon some frigates at anchor. In the left hand corner, so covered with dust and dirt as to be almost illegible, was the signature "Joseph Vernet." Before the dealer recovered from his surprise that any one should be willing to pay him the price he asked for the old painting Dugan had the treasure under his arm.

It was "The Harbor of Bordeaux from the Castle of Trompette" and the signature was that of a famous marine painter. Vernet, who lived from 1712 to 1789, was commissioned by King Louis XV. to paint twenty seaports of France. After finishing fifteen the painter grew tired of travelling and never completed his task. The old picture was one of those completed. To-day, cleaned up and in a massive frame, it forms one of the policeman's collection.

A few feet away from Vernet's picture is a canvas about 4½ by 3 feet. It represents a beautiful woman evidently in deep contemplation. Across her knees is an ancient manuscript. So delicately sketched that it seems as much a part of the picture as the peculiar red shaded robe, one sees a faint halo about her head. The face resembles that of the Madonna.

Patrolman John Dugan, art collector.

It was nearly a dozen years ago that Dugan first saw this painting. Then it was in the rear of a furniture store in Montreal. Attracted by the peculiar red in the picture Dugan made a close examination of it. Many an hour the patrolman had spent in art galleries admiring the canvas jewels of Tintoretto, the Italian master who painted during the sixteenth century. Because of the unusual shade of red frequently used in his works it was called after him. Dugan knew that.

Through an interpreter, because the dealer spoke only French, he arranged the purchase of the canvas. To the shopkeeper it was simply a picture, true, a rather nice one, but then only a picture. The patrolman bought it for a song. Experts who have examined it have pronounced it the work of Tintoretto, a picture of tremendous value.

And so it has been with most of the collection which each year has increased in numbers. The hours spent in study after the tiring work of being a policeman on patrol have brought their reward. Dugan learned the real things in art.

At an auction sale in Utica a painting by James M. Hart, "Summer Memory of Berkshire," was knocked down to "the heavy set man with the Irish brogue," for a few dollars. Said the auctioneer with a laugh, "You're getting a great bargain there, Paddy. If you had all the money that picture is worth you would not need to carry a dinner pail."

"It's myself knows that better than you," was the dry retort as he counted the change from the bill he had given.

As a policeman of 21 years, Dugan draws a salary of $1,400. His entire year's pay would not begin to buy any one of a number of the paintings he has, yet with such skill has he made his purchases that outside of doing without many little luxuries he has not missed the money thus spent.

"Westphalia," a canvas 43 by 31 inches, one of the works of Albert Bierstadt, was purchased at an auction sale in a little up-State town. The owner had failed and was forced to sell everything he owned. The auctioneer did not know the value of the picture and Dugan bought it for a nominal sum.

One afternoon Dugan going home from patrol, glanced up from his paper when the trolley car stopped. In a store window was the head of an Irish terrier. He got off the car and went in the shop. Five minutes later he came out with the picture under his arm and a smile of satisfaction on his face. He was very little moved pecuniarily. The head was from the brush of Sir Francis Grant who during the last century became famous because of his animal paintings.

During a vacation in the South Dugan visited an old mansion. On the wall of one room was a scene in Holland. It was painted by Daniel Ridgeway Knight, and when once more the cop came back to New York and his patrol another was added to the masterpieces of his collection. And so it goes with nearly all the paintings which fill the rooms and hallways of that Brooklyn home.

To Dugan his pictures are his pets. He has given a score of years to collecting them and he knows each little brush stroke and twist. He is never tired of pointing out those small differences in technique, the blending of colors and other characteristics which distinguish one master from another.